

Dying is not Death:

The Difference between Blanchot's Fiction and Hegel's Concept

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With "Literature and the Right to Death" (1948), Blanchot makes his most sustained contribution to the debate initiated in France by Kojève and Hippolyte concerning Hegel's philosophy. At times Blanchot's reading is forced and idiosyncratic. Yet this reading has another motivation than the succinct and faithful paraphrase of the earlier thinker. Arguably Blanchot positions himself within Hegel's terminology in order to rethink the sense of the expression "the philosophy of art." What is with Hegel an objective genitive becomes a subjective genitive. The rules therefore change. Whereas Hegel offers in his lectures on aesthetics an expatiation on art fixed under the gaze of philosophy, Blanchot installs art as the subject and submits the conventions and expectations of philosophical discourse to its procedures. In the light of this reversal, what might otherwise be judged a deviation or a lapse with respect to the genre of the philosophical essay can be seen to play its role in Blanchot's reassessment of the relations between metaphysics and literature.

Blanchot hears the sentence that Plato hands down on poetry and asks himself, "What is to be done?". Hegel, to be sure, overturns the sentence, disputing Plato's definition of what is essential to art. According to the lectures on aesthetics, the work of art is misapprehended when it is considered an imitation of an imitation. For Hegel, it is no longer to be

thought twice removed from the Ideas. Hence it is no longer inferior in truth even to the naturally existing things that are themselves frustrated suitors of their respective Ideas. The truth of the work of art is not its adequation to something outside. Its truth is to be situated within itself. Hegel appears to come to the defence of art, as he discounts all extrinsic criteria for the judgement of art.

And yet the result is that Plato's sentence is handed down anew, in even harsher terms. Art is convicted by its own truth. The ignominy of the art that falls short of the Ideas is revived and aggravated in the ignominy of the art that falls short even of itself. Hegel proclaims the end of art because it is no longer able to be true.

But in what sense is the Hegelian truth of art a truth proper to art? Although he ridicules those who judge art on the basis of the accuracy or inaccuracy of its representations, the correspondence theory of truth remains determinative for Hegel's philosophy of art, at least insofar as the principle of the reconcilability of matter and spirit (*adaequatio rei et intellectus*) informs the discussions of the truth of works of art. If art, for Hegel, is no longer able to be true, it is because it cannot bridge the gap that with the Christian revelation opened between matter and the infinite negativity of Spirit. Art flounders because it cannot do justice, in a very specific sense, to the Crucifixion. Taking over the privileging of harmony and reconciliation in eighteenth-century aesthetics, Hegel measures art as a whole against the impossibility of a depiction that reconciles transcendent divinity and corporeal agony. The anachronisms in Winckelmann's disquisitions on the art of antiquity acquire with Hegel a theoretical elaboration whose grandeur can avert suspicion from their historiographical unsoundness. What Hegel wishes to pass off as an immanent critique of the truth of art depends on notions from the appreciation of art that even by Hegel's youth had passed their heyday. Perhaps suspecting the old-fashioned tone of his reflections on art, Hegel anticipates the criticism by pronouncing art itself old-fashioned. Although he employs the terminology of neoclassical aesthetics, Hegel draws a conclusion in keeping with the iconoclasm of early Protestantism. He is insensitive to the task that Christian religious painting set itself when it made its element not so much depiction as the impossibility of depiction and found its truth in its own inadequacy. Art, for Hegel, ceases to be true with the Christian revelation because it is no longer able to effect the reconciliation that nonetheless only many centuries later was made the final cause of art.

The Hegelian answer to the question of what is to be done in the face of Plato's judgement on art turns out to be disingenuous. Art is said to press its own claim to truth, yet this truth which art finds within itself is a

cuckoo's egg. Under Hegel's instructions, art cleans itself up and asserts its autonomy. It is allowed to declare its independence of terrestrial and supernal models, albeit at the price of confessing its antiquatedness. It becomes philosophically respectable, but as it borrows what little respectability it has from metaphysics, it cannot help remaining under the latter's jurisdiction.

Blanchot does not offer an apology of art in Hegel's sense. On the contrary, he appears to relish art's lack of philosophical respectability. In art's refusal to clean itself up, philosophy confronts a question. Blanchot makes of this question the "essence" of literature. In "Literature and the Right to Death" it reads: "Let us suppose that literature begins at the moment when literature becomes a question" (*WF* 300). But how can literature become a question, how can it take over questionability as its principle without at once collapsing into philosophy? In "The Felicities of Paradox," a commentary on Blanchot's text, Rodolphe Gasché stresses that the question literature constitutes for Blanchot is not to be understood in terms of a reflective and cognitive question.¹ Were literature to deliver itself up to the application of a pre-existing epistemological apparatus, it would cease to communicate with the question that is prior to the apparatus itself. The question of literature cannot be "What is literature?," since the latter is a question where the interrogative force rests wholly with the "What" and where the existence of literature is reduced to the fact that underwrites the analytic task. To ask "What is literature?" is to take for granted a by no means incontestable ontology and to range the question of literature alongside other enquiries into the properties and dispositions of determinate beings. For Blanchot, literature is less a fact than a self-conditioned impossibility. Hence it does not lend itself to the reflective and cognitive question. This holds likewise of philosophy. Were philosophy to ask itself "What is philosophy?" as a reflective and cognitive question, it would presuppose the reflective and cognitive character of philosophy and thereby betray philosophy's long-standing definition as the interrogation of its own definition. Blanchot, who exhorts literature to wallow in the infamy of its metaphysical condemnation, arrives at a defence of art that is simultaneously a defence of philosophy. It lies in the nature of art and philosophy that their defence entails critique and destruction, since it is in the question that they come into their own. Surrendering to the catastrophe that metaphysics has put aside for it, art leaves too little of itself to continue to be recognised in the cosmos articulated in terms of the answers to reflective and cognitive questions. Something refuses to give itself up to the questions to which philosophy had reserved everything that is not philosophy. In this refusal philosophy gains a rival, and through this rival's contestation of its title to the ques-

tionable philosophy gains access to the questionability of its own definition.

The claim that Blanchot offers a defence of art on the grounds of its catastrophe should not be simply interpreted as attributing to him a transcendental position from which he turns art's difficulties to its advantage. Even as it puts forward just such a defence, "Literature and the Right to Death" plays another game, and one which by and large has gone unnoticed. Gasché, who discerns not so much a Kantian as Kantesque position in Blanchot's treatment of paradox as literature's enabling condition of impossibility, passes over the ratiocinative weaknesses that are the motor of the text's essential question. "Literature and the Right to Death" does attempt to answer the critical query "*quid juris?*," but however peculiar and unsavoury its answer may be, by acknowledging the necessity of foundations Blanchot's text abides by the rules of metaphysics and forgoes a contestation of art's subservience to philosophy. Yet the answer to the critical query is open to objections. The proper strength of Blanchot's argument, however, eludes anyone who would appraise it by conventional philosophical criteria. This argument conspires with its objections. As its defence of art does not in the end turn upon its exposition of a paradox, the debunking of the paradox cannot be left the last word.

Blanchot's paradox is the ambiguity of death. On the one hand, death is "a power that humanizes nature, that raises existence to being," and on the other hand, "it is the loss of the person, the annihilation of the being" (WF 337). Yet the antinomy here resides not in the matter itself, but in the incompatibility of two understandings of death. One could say that for Blanchot literature lays claim to the dispute between Hegel and Heidegger and makes it its *ratio essendi*. Literature, which had once submitted itself as an independently existing fact to philosophical speculation, gives up its last vestige of autonomy to reconfigure itself as a contention within the history of philosophy. If Blanchot's text nonetheless manages to mark out a territory specific to literature, it is arguably not by means of the paradox pieced together from Hegel and Heidegger.

Hegel's death is the negativity in which thought finds itself as the determination of what is, in other words, as the humanity of nature. The truth of death – its destructiveness grasped in its most intense form – is unmediated negativity. The experience that we have of death as spectators of another being's demise is an experience of negativity mediated and mitigated by our own physiological subsistence. To grasp death as such is to grasp it in its unmediatedness, as the "No" that befalls everything at once. By pushing through to an experience of death in its purity, Hegel arrives at a philosophical conception of death: the seriousness of death is employed as a justification for invoking the universal. And once invoked, the universal

oversees the securing of death for speculative consciousness. Henceforth, Spirit cannot shrink back from death without self-deception. It cannot founder on the meaninglessness of death as though it were something extrinsic to it, since this meaninglessness is the indeterminacy proper to Spirit as an immanent power of determination. Meaning, because it is positive, comes up against a limit in the negativity of death. More precisely, it begins and ends at this limit which is its determination and thus its positivity. Negativity is the meaninglessness that inhabits meaning, for not only would negativity cease to be the determining power if it exhausted itself in its self-determination as a given meaning, but the plurality of meanings would similarly lose its principle of individuation if negation did not inhabit every meaning and single it out with regard to the other meanings that it is not as well as with regard to meaninglessness. For Hegel, only those who do not look death in the face and hence do not perceive that it has always already occurred are susceptible to what Blanchot calls the horror of impending death.

Hegel aggrandises death – he holds it in full view and names it the very structure of what is – but, according to Heidegger, he thereby trivialises death. Heidegger has a philosophical investment in the horror of impending death, since it is within an analysis of the ecstatic character of Being-towards-death that Heidegger breaks with the derivative understanding of temporality as a sequence of discrete moments. Dasein overleaps its present in its anxious running towards death, and through memory and anticipation it announces the porousness of the “nows” vulgarly conceived as following on from one another in a steady progression. In naming Dasein Being-towards-death, Heidegger dwells on that by which Dasein resists its identification as a determinate being. Dasein cannot be classed among the present-at-hand because its fear (*Angst*) of death is not an accident of a given being but rather the being-outside-of-itself of time. Dasein is essentially the unintelligibility of time within the light of the metaphysics of presence.

In a lecture course on Hegel from the end of the 1930s, Heidegger criticises Hegel’s account of death for its indifference to finitude and its foreclosure of catastrophe.² It is testament to Hegel’s tactical genius that the objection does not at once appear plausible. As Hegel prides himself on outflanking his opponents, on going as far as possible, and on always taking the absolute position, the charge that he forecloses catastrophe may seem to apply to him least of all. Yet what is essential to catastrophe for Heidegger is not its magnitude, but its movement. Hegel pre-empts rather than thinks death. He begins with the greatest of all catastrophes and as a consequence no further catastrophe can shake him. The death that is the

ownmost possession of human Dasein is incapable of disturbing the reigning catastrophe that is the death of Christ. The death of a given mortal being, as it is concomitant with the definition of what is mortal, is not properly catastrophic, at least not to the degree that the death of Christ was an affront to the definition of God. Hegel begins with a scandal and it is with this scandal, and not the resurrection, that the *Phenomenology of Spirit* closes. Absolute Knowledge is the intelligibility of this unintelligible event: it is not its mitigation but its setting-to-work as the meaninglessness immanent to the determining power. As far as Hegel is concerned, it is ontologically rather than soteriologically speaking that Christ died for us all. Inasmuch as we think, we have already gone over to death and participate in the negativity that is the indeterminacy of the determinate and the questionability of definitions. The death of Christ is the event of philosophy. It is perhaps for this reason that Heidegger must reject Hegel's account. With the Crucifixion time comes to a stop and ceases to interfere with the "now" in which Platonism reads off the properties of beings. The catastrophe, having already taken place, becomes the *fact* of philosophy and the guarantor of the metaphysics of presence: thought falls away from itself because it secures itself against the surprise that could put it into question, against the ecstasy that could win for it an insight into the darkness of time.

Blanchot sets up an antinomy between the logic of death and the horror of death, but the contradiction is incidental since the Hegelian and Heideggerian understandings of mortality do not depend on one another: the bond that Blanchot makes out between them is arguably simply his vacillation between their separate claims to truth. Judged by philosophical conventions, this is a shortcoming. But to what extent does Blanchot acknowledge the authority of these conventions? The paradox that he expounds at length in "Literature and the Right to Death" is not unique in his work in being open to dispute. Blanchot has a marked love of contradictions. Again and again he advances antithetical propositions without the arguments that would establish these propositions as dialectical. Given that the labour of the concept is lacking, the propositions entertain very uneasy relations with philosophical discourse. A provocation is at stake. Where naïve consciousness refuses to accept as true whatever is contradictory, here contradiction has itself become the index of truth. Blanchot does not so much abandon naïve consciousness in favour of the dialectical thinking of speculative philosophy as invert naïve consciousness. He leaves the truth of sense-certainty behind, but he does not attain the truth of dialectical reason. Existing in a twilight realm between the life of the sensuous immediate and the death that is the Hegelian power of understanding, Blanchot dies. Notwithstanding its debt to German philosophy, "Literature and the Right to Death"

is explicit on its relation to truth: “What is striking is that in literature deceit and mystification not only are inevitable but constitute the writer’s honesty” (WF 310). It is not the affair of literature to justify itself by an exposition of the necessity of its grounding paradox; by answering the question “*quid juris?*” literature could only come up against a truth that is not its own but rather philosophy’s. It is the affair of literature to play at its justification and to throw it out of kilter.

Literature, for Blanchot, has nothing to gain by erasing its distance from the Hegelian understanding of death. Indeed, to write is seemingly to put one’s death at risk. Blanchot’s figure of the writer obeys rules notably at odds with those of the struggle for recognition: Kojève, in his famous commentary on this section of the *Phenomenology of Spirit*, discerns the moment of the birth of Man in the putting of one’s life at risk during the struggle for recognition. What defines the animal is the constitutive refusal to desire anything besides the positive, the real and the given, to desire that which does not subserve the maintenance of its own biological existence. Kojève speaks of the human and the animal where Hegel’s own more philosophically astute terms are the person and life (he subsequently criticises Hegel for not respecting the essential difference between Man and Animal, between History and Nature).³ In place of the Christian machismo of putting one’s life at risk in order to enact the theological distinction between the human and the animal, Blanchot’s writer confronts the possibility of the loss of death. This comportment on the part of the writer is something other than reparations for the Christian disjunction of Man and Animal, since it entails less a return to Nature than a wandering between the kingdoms of life and death. In Kafka’s parable it would be redundant for the hunter Gracchus, as a failed corpse wafted from town to town, to engage in the activity of writing: one of Kafka’s most astonishing and beautiful texts – the letter of 5 July 1922 to Max Brod – details the perverse uses for which the writer employs the gifts of life and death, and for which he had gladly sacrificed everything. Whereas the person in legal and philosophical discourse can lay claim to a right to life precisely and curiously on the basis of a transcendence of mere life, literature can lay claim to a right to death on the basis of its distance from death. With the substitution of the right to death for the right to life, the question arises concerning the source of the authority of the right. The negativity of the Hegelian concept in its transcendence of the sense-certainty of life ceases to be the authorising power and is arbitrarily and insecurely subordinated to the deceptions and mystifications of literature.

If Blanchot dies, it is not because he comes down openly on the side of Heidegger in the latter’s dispute with Hegel. He dies rather because he wishes literature to deploy itself in the ambiguous and duplicitous space be-

tween life and death, the existing and the concept, as it is in impropriety that literature finds its proper place. The Hegelianism of such statements as the following is aborted: "Language perceives that its meaning does not derive from what exists but from its own retreat before existence, and it is tempted to proceed no further than this retreat, to try to attain negation in itself and to make everything of nothing" (*WF* 324). Blanchot does not proceed from this to a dialectician's encyclopaedia. Even as language is no longer to define itself by a saying of what is, by a passive reception and recording of life, Blanchot does not assign it the complementary task of extracting a determinate reality from its own power of negation. Literary language does not want to say what is; instead, it wants to rub up against it in the dark, to communicate with it inside its own domain as the friction of thing upon thing. "My hope lies in the materiality of language, in the fact that words are things, too, are a kind of nature" (*WF* 327). It is a moribund nature, however, a nature untouched by the honesty and goodwill of the nature of naïve consciousness. This is not the materialism of sense-certainty: "The word acts not as an ideal force but as an obscure power, as an incantation that coerces things, makes them *really* present outside of themselves. It is an element, a piece barely detached from its subterranean surroundings: it is no longer a name, but rather one moment in the universal anonymity, a bald statement, the stupor of a confrontation in the depths of obscurity" (*WF* 328). The literary word, by giving itself up to a confrontation with obscurity, differentiates itself from the language of naïve and speculative consciousness alike. It is not the light that captures the truth of what is for common sense or dialectical reason, as it does not pretend to occupy a position of another order than that of materiality.

Literary language addresses existence not with the truth of its sublation but with the meretriciousness of fiction. Whereas the concept retreats from existence in order to return to it as its idealisation, literary language never makes good the rupture from sensuous immediacy. It does not win through to the universality from where it could present itself as the Law of what is. Likewise, it is the parody of sensuous immediacy, its distortion and extension. The image is born, as Blanchot says, when the word does not exhaust itself in the saying of what is, but also says what it is not. The distorting and parodic character of language's negativity is played down in Hegel's account, where this negativity is analysed as sublation's moments of destruction and conservation. Images result from the corruption that the negativity of the word visits on sensuous immediacy. Sensuous immediacy, which for Hegel is always already mediated, is for Blanchot always already in decay: the transitions effected by negativity are not interpreted in the same manner, since where Hegel passes from one identity to another by

means of the negativity of their very distinctness, for Blanchot things become slippery through the corruption of identities in the image.

The concept – what Blanchot discusses as everyday language – assumes the identity of the existing thing and its name, even though the name's power of designation rests on its exclusion of what it names. The word, as the non-existence of the thing, becomes the thing's essence. Yet the essentialising movement of language is never consummated, since the materiality of the word is as much the vehicle of ideality as its obstacle. The word can never realise itself as non-existence and hence can never properly claim to be the non-material essence of what it names, because it at the same time has to maintain a foothold in materiality through its own thingliness as a written, spoken or neurologically encrypted word. The word passes itself off as the non-empirical reincarnation and truth of sensuously existing reality when it merely wrenches and twists what is into further empirical configurations of specifically sonic material, textual marks and neuro-transmissions. Literary language, according to Blanchot, is the honest practice of these deceptions. In place of the vertical movement of existence and essence, it offers the lateral movement of the image. Under the pressure of its negation, a cat does not yield the essence "cat" but gives way, in Blanchot's example, to a dog. The image is not ornamental. It does not presuppose the clearly articulated world of beings of everyday language, to which it would then add an aesthetic gloss. The simile and the metaphor are not the capricious and innocuous reflections of a psychological agent. On the contrary, images are the manifestations of reality's constitutive decomposition and dissolution. If the name in everyday language kills, it kills in order to save what can be saved of a dying world: it employs its negativity to arrest the flows by which the identities of things are contaminated.

Literary language, for Blanchot, wants to say the world as it exists prior to the concept, to everyday language. Romantic nominalism here turns morbid, since the writer seeks out the primordial decadence of phenomena rather than the resolutely flourishing individuality that Romanticism ascribed to particulars in their independence from lifeless abstractions. Blanchot contends that literature wants "Lazarus in the tomb and not Lazarus brought back into the daylight, the one who already smells bad, who is Evil, Lazarus lost and not Lazarus saved and brought back to life" (*WF* 327). This is as much as to claim that it wants what, from a Hegelian perspective, is impossible. The extra-conceptual is simply the shadow of the concept. Mulishly forgetting the lesson that Hegel draws from the overthrow of sense-certainty, literature fancies that it can put a brake on the concept's irresistible progress and say what in being said is not immediately won for ideality and brought back to the luminousness of presence. That which lit-

erature desires already bears witness, in the very distinctness with which it is the decadent world of phenomena prior to the concept, to its own conceptualisation. The materiality to which literature endeavours to adhere is inevitably an object of frustrated attention because it never attains the determinacy, that is, ideality of an object. To propose decay as the *proper* object of literature does not break with metaphysics, since the proposition idealises decay.

But such a reading of “Literature and the Right to Death” makes it too easy for itself. If Blanchot cannot help returning to the metaphysical fold, it is only on a certain level of his text. It is not self-evident that Blanchot’s reflections on literature are not likewise literary. On one level – on one slope, as Blanchot might put it – the text must betray what it wishes to express, simply because what it wishes to express is said not to collude with signification and the idealising movement of the name. Yet signification is but one of language’s modes. On another level, language cannot help sympathising “with everything in the world that seems to perpetuate the refusal to come into the world” (*WF* 330). In this sympathy literature declares not only its difference from metaphysics and its light, but also its approximation to the questionability for which it is thinking’s rival. The text’s betrayal to the concept, on which Hegelianism counts, is unable to shatter that bond with obscurity which is grounded in the primordially of what Heidegger expounds as the being of time. Literature is a witness to the being-outside-of-itself of ecstatic temporality to the extent that it is an unreliable and perjured witness. It is an uprising of the false in the name of a contestation of the veracities of the metaphysics of presence.

The work accordingly unworks itself, but in a different way to that in which the Hegelian work already unworks itself. Irrespective of what its prefix suggests, Blanchot’s notion of “*désœuvrement*” does not and cannot consist in a negation of a supposed positivity of the Hegelian understanding of work. The Hegelian work is a sensuous particular that is nonetheless permeated by its own abstraction and negation. The work could therefore be called sublime inasmuch as it is the sensuous presentation of the non-sensuousness of the universal. It flickers between spheres, and it is for this reason that Hegel calls the work of art the mirror of Spirit. But whereas for Hegel the movement in the work’s presentation of the unrepresentable is the movement of truth itself, for Blanchot it is the movement that tears open the work to the obscure. The negation in “*désœuvrement*” bears not on the positivity of the sensuous, but on the externalisation of Spirit. It is that negativity in relation to the ideal which inheres in corrupt materiality. Orienting itself by the negativity of corrupt matter, Blanchot’s argument applies itself to an unworking and unworkability of the genre of the philosophical es-

say. Are Blanchot's statements on the truth of literature to be understood in a literary or in a philosophical sense, in terms of an encounter with the obscure and the false or in terms of a judgement by the criteria of ratiocination? Do his reflections on the truth of literature not themselves participate in the deceptions of this truth?

The retreat to literature withdraws from criticism the individual theses of Blanchot's text only to invite the general philosophical criticism of literature. This retreat does not amount to a transcendental apology of Blanchot's theses, since literature does not concern itself with the universality and necessity of the transcendental. As a fact neither of reason nor of the senses, literature finds itself unable to escape the falsity to which metaphysics consigned it. Its truth – in other words, its essence – is its fictitiousness. Yet in its falsity it stands guarantor for the truth of metaphysics. Plato's judgement thus inaugurates a dilemma for the writer: either literature corrects itself in relation to truth and thereby leaves philosophy uncontested, or it gives itself up to falsity and thereby makes itself a party to the definition of philosophical truth as its constitutive counterpart. Blanchot openly advocates the surrender to falsity and the antinomianism of the *poètes maudits*. A sentence of Kafka's offers perhaps the sharpest formulation of this antinomianism: "We are digging the pit of Babel."⁴ In place of an alternative to the "good sense" of everyday language, theology and speculative consciousness, there is pastiche. Literature does not assert its autonomy – it expends itself in the excavation of a shaft that is the complement of the tower of Babel that Kant attributes to metaphysics.

The dilemma of literature is however, *mutatis mutandis* the dilemma of philosophy. The grotesque abasement of literature is not simply a reaction to the triumph of philosophical speculation, regardless how much philosophy has claimed responsibility for this abasement. What has been characterised as the weakness, inferiority and failure of literature is also that on which philosophy is dependent for the articulation of its truth. Either philosophy endeavours to think through the essence of falsehood and thereby passes over into literature or it shrinks back from fiction and thereby allows fiction to determine the definition of truth. So that this dilemma might not be lost to view, Blanchot stages the spectacle of literature's weakness within the genre of the philosophical essay. The failure attains a power of assault without ceasing to be failure. Writing can only ever enter into its disaster, since whatever it might propose as its autonomy has always been preceded by philosophy's myth of autonomy. Yet philosophy is implicated in this disaster. Literature's failure is the failure by which philosophy gauges its own success, and as such it plays a structural role in the definition of philosophy and the latter's success. Philosophy's autonomy is thus com-

promised by the disaster of writing.

Along different paths literature and philosophy make their way to questionability. Philosophy puts itself into question in the course of an interrogation of its truth. Literature, by contrast, does not ask what it itself is. In fact, it does not ask what anything is. Its words are not swayed by any curiosity and do not attempt to take up a position in reality from which they could enunciate the latter's truth. They turn aside from what is and say what is not. Literature seeks out the non-existence that is not the ideality overlooking existing particulars, but rather the fictitiousness of non-existing particulars. In literature the particular is lost to both the truth of existence and the truth of ideality. Without the corroboration of sensuous immediacy or speculative reflection, literature has only its weakness, obscurity and falsehood to put forward in its defence. It thereby makes its defence questionable but, as "Literature and the Right to Death" suggests, its questionability is its defence.

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NOTES

- ¹ See Rodolphe Gasché, "The Felicities of Paradox", in *Of Minimal Things: Studies on the Notion of Relation* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1999), p. 309.
- ² See Martin Heidegger, "Die Negativität: Eine Auseinandersetzung mit Hegel aus dem Ansatz in der Negativität (1938/39, 1941)", in *Hegel*, ed. Ingrid Schüßler in *Gesamtausgabe*, vol. 68 (Frankfurt am Main: Klostermann, 1975), p. 24.
- ³ See Alexandre Kojève, *Introduction to the Reading of Hegel*, ed. Allan Bloom, trans. James H. Nichols, Jr. (New York: Basic Books, 1969), pp. 216-17.
- ⁴ Franz Kafka, "Wedding Preparations in the Country" and *Other Posthumous Prose Writings*, trans. Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins (London: Secker & Warburg, 1954), p. 382.